Vpon her playing on the Virginalls.

HOw oft when thou thy muſicke muſicke playſt,
Vpon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers when thou gently ſwayſt,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Doe I envie thoſe Iackes that nimble leape,
To kiſſe the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poore lips which ſhould that harveſt reape,
At the woods bouldneſſe by thee bluſhing ſtand.
To be ſo tickled they would change their ſtate,
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips,
Ore whom their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more bleſt then living lips.
Since ſauſie Iackes ſo happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſſe.

Immederate Luſt.

TH'expence of Spirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action, and till action, luſt
Is perjurd, murdrous, blooddy full of blame,
Savage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to truſt,
Injoyd no ſooner but deſpiſed ſtraight,
Paſt reaſon hunted, and no ſooner had
Paſt reaſon hated as a ſwallowed bayt,
On purpoſe layd to make the taker mad.

Made in purſuit and in poſſeſſion ſo,
Had, having, and in queſt, to have extreame,
A bliſſe in proofe and proud and very woe,
Before a joy propoſd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none
To ſhun the haven that leads men to this

In prayſe of her beautie though

IN the old age black was not counted faire,
Or if it were it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties ſucceſſive heire,
And Beautie ſlanderd with a baſtard ſhame,
For ſince each hand hath put on Natures pow
Fairing the foule with Arts falſe borrow'd fa
Sweet beautie hath no name no holy bower,
But is prophan'd, if not, lives in diſgrace.
Therefore my Miſtreſſe eyes are Raven black
Her eyes ſo ſuted, and they mourners ſeeme,
At ſuch who not borne faire no beautie lack,
Slandering Creation with a falſe eſteeme,
Yet ſo they mourne becomming of their w
That every tongue ſayes beautie ſhould lo
My Miſtreſſe eyes are nothing like the Sunne
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If ſnow be white, why then her breſts are dun
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her he
I have ſeene Roſes, damaskt, red, and white,
But no ſuch Roſes ſee I in her cheekes,